

## Leukemia Texas Patient Spotlight

David – Age, 28



The day I was diagnosed with Leukemia was one of the most comforting and peaceful days of my entire life. It is the worst news anyone could get, but the love and support I felt from my family and friends overwhelmed any upsetting feelings I had about the diagnosis.

Before I was diagnosed, there were signs that something wasn't quite right. I was tired all the time and I was losing a lot of weight. I was cranky all the time too and if I wasn't at work, I was locked up in my room asleep. I didn't know what was happening to me. A week before getting diagnosed bruises started appearing all over my body. I also developed abdominal pains that worsened as the days went by. I did my best to ignore the symptoms but I eventually couldn't fight the pain anymore.

I remember leaving work on April 15th and barely making it to my car. My vision went black with every step that I took. I made it "safely" to my car but by that point I could barely breathe. The drive home wasn't that much easier. In hindsight, I shouldn't have been driving but my stubbornness defeated me. Once I finally made it home, I collapsed on my bed. The pain wasn't going away and I still couldn't breathe all that well. I kept telling myself that it would eventually go away, but it didn't. I had no choice. I had to go to the hospital.

The wait in the ER was hell. The ER was packed and there were no rooms available to get admitted, I waited for hours until a nurse finally called my name. By that time, the pain was finally subsiding, and I almost convinced myself to go home, but I'm glad I didn't leave. The next 24 hours are a blur. I hadn't slept much and nurses kept coming in for blood and urine samples. I remember one of the nurses walking in at one point and telling me that I was very sick and then walking out. I would have panicked but I was too tired to care. I just wanted to sleep.

I was diagnosed with Leukemia (ALL) on April 18th, 2016. From then until November 15, 2016 I spent more time in the hospital than I did at home. I received more blood transfusions than I care to remember, I was stuck with needles so many times that I now have permanent scars. An infection was almost guaranteed after each round of chemo. I fainted, vomited and lost my hair continually. I temporarily lost my ability to taste. I had so many complications but none of that matters because I am alive.

The staff, nurses and doctors who took care of me became like a second family. My own family came together in a way that they never had, I found strength that I never knew I had. So many people came together to pray for me. Entire churches all over the Metroplex and in Mexico were praying for me. I fell in love with the Lord and His love and comfort continue to abound in me till this day. I don't question God as to why I got cancer but I do thank Him. Cancer didn't take anything away from me. Instead, it gave me an experience that I will cherish forever.

I'm in remission now and incredibly grateful for everything that has happened. I'm happier than I've ever been. Just a couple months after my last round of chemo you would have a hard time believing that I have been fighting cancer. This experience was far from easy but I wouldn't want to change any of it.